

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

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{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXX.

THOUGH that infant is not thine own thou begg'st for, thou mov'st me:
How will she move me—*she*, who shall first bring me my own?

J. O.

A LETTER FROM DERBYSHIRE.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.

Sudbury, Aug. 27.

I PROMISED you an account of the Horticultural *fête* of Mr. Holmes, an event of no small excitement in this quiet neighbourhood, and interesting to you, since it owed much of its attraction to a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with which the occasion was celebrated.

In spite of the rain, which has been as incessant here as elsewhere, the beautiful grounds of Sudbury nursery, Mr. Holmes' residence, were the object of general attention and curiosity to nearly three hundred visitors from the most distinguished families in the vicinity. I am not learned in floriculture, but I can testify to the unanimous opinion pronounced that the show of flowers on this occasion was fully worthy Mr. Holmes' high reputation as a landscape gardener. The ornamental parts of the grounds were laid out in grass terraces geometrically proportioned, and presented an appearance of picturesque symmetry (if the expression may be allowed) at once grateful to the eye and advantageous to the display of the floral varieties that spotted the garden all over like stars. As I sauntered through the walks that intersect the flower beds, I could not but recal the garden so gorgeously painted by Shelley in his imaginative and magnificent *Sensitive Plant*—although, by the way, I looked in vain for a sensitive plant from one end of the place to the other. The prospects offered at various points divided the large expanse of country over which Sudbury Nursery (which is situated on an eminence) looks, into many pictures, all different yet all pretty, and some quite beautiful. Here you would peer through an arch, naturally formed by the luxuriant foliage, on to a far off hill with a castle on its side, half buried in trees; here your eye would wander over a vast range of wood (the boundary of the ancient forest of Needwood); lower down you would gaze upon a varied and charming landscape, with the river Dove running through it, like a vein of silver, laughing and singing and shining, crossed at the further extremity by a little bridge, whose simple architecture becomes ennobled by its position in the landscape. In one part of the grounds you come unexpectedly upon a very ingenious specimen of artificial ruins,

which Mr. Holmes himself has built out of the fragments of a church recently pulled down in the neighbourhood. In short, a prettier spot, or one more varied, considering its extent, I never saw.

In respect of the floral exhibition you must not expect me to be fluent, since in these matters I possess not the lore of Shelley, however I may sympathise with his love. All I can say is, that it seemed to my own poor judgment beautiful; lovely colors, delicious odors, and endless differences of outline combined to gratify the eye and delight the mind. I never saw a finer collection of Lilliums, Dahlias (of incalculable variety of species), Calceolarias, Verbenas, Fuchsias, Geraniums, and Pansies. But more than all, my attention was attracted to a gorgeous company of dwarf antirrhinums, which absolutely fatigued the eye with the contrasts of their colors, and satiated it with excess of pleasure.

Now, however, I must leave the garden and enter the house where, in consequence of the rain, the musical performance took place, instead of in a handsome and capacious tent which Mr. Holmes had, especially erected for the purpose. The drawing-rooms and lobbies in the house were crowded, and the concert was listened to with the utmost interest, even by many who could not get a glimpse of the performers.

The first piece in the concert was a pianoforte fantasia, entitled *Tableau Musical*, composed and performed by Mr. W. H. Holmes (son of the Mr. Holmes whose *fête* I am describing), an artist of whose genius and accomplishments as a pianist and general musician you need not be reminded, since you have so frequently and so glowingly eulogized them. Mr. Holmes introduces in this fantasia a very pretty melody by Prince Albert, entitled, "Sounds are through the forest dying," which was one among other appropriate homages to that illustrious personage and warm patron of music, during the concert, which took place on his natal day, August 26th. Both the composition and the performance were greatly admired, and indeed each in its way was first-rate. Mr. Holmes played upon a splendid Broadwood "Grand," which had travelled to Sudbury for this occasion.

Miss Ransford next followed, with a song called "In a drear nighted December," the poetry by Keats, the music by Davison. The melancholy tone of this ballad was imparted with exquisite feeling by the young vocalist, who has only herself to blame if she become not speedily one of the first of English singers: I say English singers, because it gives me so much more pleasure to hear our own vocalists exercise their talent on music of home-growth than in vain attempts to vie with the Italians on the ground upon which they are unapproachable. There are plenty of good songs by modern English writers well worthy the attention of our vocalists, and it behoves such artists as Miss Ransford to set the example, and force them into popularity—a matter of very easy accomplishment when the will lies that way. Miss Ransford's singing pleased universally—her voice was pronounced a

delicious *mezzo soprano*, and her style unaffected and musician-like; in short, she justified all the kind things I have read about her in the pages of the *Musical World*.

The next piece was a flute solo by Mr. Clinton, the theme of which was the National Anthem. Mr. Clinton has a full clear tone, and his execution distinct and brilliant. His reputation, both as a theorist and player, is, I understand, very great in London, and I am not surprised at it. Mr. Clinton played, I believe, upon a Boehm flute; his performance is likely to make many converts to that instrument, which, I have heard, nevertheless, he is about to simplify.

Mr. Holmes, sen., then came forward—for he is not less a good and zealous musician than a learned and ingenious florist—and sang Edward Loder's "Young Philip, the Falconer," one of the most racy and clever imitations of the Old English style of vocal music I ever heard. Mr. Holmes, whose voice is a bass of highly agreeable quality and considerable power, gave quite the true character to Loder's song, which he delivered in a manly, energetic style, that won him unanimous applause.

The *andante* and *finale* from one of Kuhl's grand duets for flute and piano was then executed in masterly style by Messrs. Clinton and W. H. Holmes, and was followed by a very pleasing ballad of Stephen Glover, "I love the merry sunshine," the words of which are as graceful as the music is pretty. This ballad was entrusted to Miss Ransford, who sang it with the utmost feeling and a delightful simplicity of manner.

After an interval of twenty minutes which was spent by the visitors in descanting about and enlarging upon what they had heard, Mr. Holmes, sen. commenced the second part with a very intelligent and impressive rendering of Calcott's recitative and air, "When all is still on death's devoted soil," which was followed by a second pianoforte solo by W. H. Holmes, entitled "Prince Albert's Welcome to Scotland." This "loyal fantasia," as it is appropriately styled by the composer, is one of Mr. Holmes' most finished essays in the modern brilliant style; it is hardly necessary to add that his execution of it was as faultless as it was effective. No one produces a more mellow and beautiful tone from the pianoforte, and no one possesses a mechanism of more unerring correctness and surprising facility than this gentleman, who deservedly stands foremost among English pianists.

A recitative and air from Ricci's *Scaramuccia*, "Or son d'Elvira," to which Mr. Clinton has added a flute *obligato* part, was sung much better than it deserved by Miss Ransford, and the *obligato* flute part was played much better than it deserved by Mr. Clinton. I could find nothing to praise in this composition, which is a dreary common-place, and quite unworthy of Miss Ransford's talent. I would much rather have heard the clever singer in one of Henry Smart's beautiful canzonets, or in one of Mudie's refined and passionate inspirations, or in one of those lovely vocal works of Macfarren and Bennett which I had so much pleasure in hearing her interpret on a subsequent occasion.

I was much better pleased with a song by Mr. J. Hatton, capably delivered by Mr. Holmes, sen., called "When that I was a tiny boy," a very happy musical illustration of Shakspeare's racy verses, with the burden—

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day,"

which Mr. Hatton has judiciously treated in chorus. Mr. Hatton, I hear, has set out for New York. The Yankees will shortly, it would seem, rob us of all our composers.

I am glad of this opportunity of paying respect to so good and conscientious a musician. The National Anthem, in which Miss Ransford and Mr. Holmes took the principal verses, concluded the concert, one of the most agreeable I ever attended—and one which gave entire satisfaction to all present.

A gentleman, whom I shall not name, was announced as conductor, but did not arrive from London until the performance was nearly over. Upon Mr. W. H. Holmes, therefore, devolved the office of accompanist, which he fulfilled to admiration.

But much as I was pleased with the public performance, I was infinitely more delighted with a private musical entertainment at Mr. Holmes's, which formed the *soirée* of this very agreeable day. Here I had the gratification of hearing Mr. W. H. Holmes play some of his recent compositions, and, among others a beautiful *andante* in D flat, with which I was remarkably pleased; here I had the advantage of listening to several of Kuhlau's best duets for flute and piano, played in first-rate style by Messrs. Holmes and Clinton; and last, not least, here I had the extreme satisfaction of hearing Macfarren's inexpressibly lovely song, "Many a one laugheth," from the series of *Arabian Nights' Songs*,* sung by Miss Ransford in such a manner as would have delighted the composer himself. But it is not my province to say more of a performance strictly private; my excuse for alluding to it at all must be that I was so much intellectually charmed that I could not help it. J. S.

* This collection is published by Chappel, Bond Street; it is worthy the attention of all vocalists.—Ed. M. W.

OPERATIC STARS.

NO. XIII.

JENNY LIND.

THE consideration of this celebrated singer involves no small difficulty. It is not without much misgiving that we devote ourselves to the task of attempting to reconcile the contrariety of opinions that are afloat respecting the Swedish Nightingale. Never was vocalist so bepraised on the one hand, nor so depreciated on the other: never had vocalist more enthusiastic admirers, nor more determined disbelievers in her greatness. But since neither enthusiasm nor prejudice can constitute men judges, and as most of the leading journals of the period are influenced one way or the other, it is worth while entering into a fair and close examination of Jenny Lind's powers and qualities as an actress and a singer, that those who see with calm eyes may arrive at some determinate opinion; and that we ourselves may be able satisfactorily to account for so much eulogy and so much opposition.

The admirers of Jenny Lind state that she is the greatest singer of the present day:—a few, more admiring still, pronounce her the greatest lyric actress:—a few, more hyperbolically disposed, in their exaltations, elevate her beyond all vocalists and actresses past, present, and to come.

The opponents of Jenny Lind aver that she is no more than a second-rate vocalist, and insist that she is a very indifferent actress:—while some of her more violent antagonists roundly proclaim that she is but a very moderate singer, and a bad actress. Between hyperbolic encomium and factious abasement it cannot be very difficult to ascertain the true point at which extravagance and condemnation should cease, provided the *pour et contre* be well weighed and placed in the balance of truth and justice.

Our task promises to be thankless. As we side neither with the exalters, nor with the depreciators of Jenny Lind, it is more than probable that we shall not please either party: but since we enter upon our notice totally uninfluenced by partizan feelings, be they for or against, we shall feel satisfied if we obtain the suffrages of the cool and the judicious.

It is certain that no singer with moderate abilities and moderate endowments could have arrived at the extraordinary position Jenny Lind has obtained in popular opinion, and have retained it so long. For years she has been reported the "queen of song" in Germany, and for two years in England has sustained a degree of favoritism acquired by few singers, if any, who ever came to this country. Time and circumstances may cohere for awhile to elevate mediocrity to fame; the war of opposition may stimulate praise to extravagance, and convert halting opinion into blink prejudice; and the *furor* of well-arranged *claqueurs* may support and prolongate favor and admiration; but, without talent and acquirement mediocrity will find its level, opposition lose its power, and hireling applauses diminish in their advocacy and their aim.

On the other hand, to reach the topmost pinnacle of popular praise it is not requisite that an artist should possess the loftiest endowment, or the dearest gifts of nature. The applause of the multitude is often conferred without merit, or, at least, without that excellence which belongs to genius alone, or the highest order of intellect. Opinion, like the fair sex, is *varium et mutabile semper*. What pleases to-day may displease to-morrow, and constancy in matters of art is as fleeting as in matters of love. Novelty is the chiefest attraction of the human mind, and the glory bestowed on an artist the most rarely gifted, and whom time itself has sanctified, may be transferred to one of more novel, but of less sterling qualities. As example is better than precept, we may mention the case of Sontag and Malibran, with which many of our readers must be acquainted. It will be in the recollection of all the old frequenters of the opera that Mademoiselle Sontag, some twenty years since, obtained a degree of popularity never before gained by a vocalist in this country. The extreme beauty of her voice, and its wondrous flexibility, not surpassed by any singer who ever lived; the grace and elegance of her appearance; her easy and natural deportment; her fine musical talent, and the extreme simplicity, quietude, and *naïveté* of her acting, created an enthusiasm in her favor, quite unprecedented. Novelty had no small hand in creating this enormous sensation. Mademoiselle Sontag differed in every respect from her great Italian predecessors. By birth and education a German, she did not possess a fractional part of the genius of Catalani, or Pasta, and never attempted the higher range of the lyric drama. Although, in consequence of this, she did not obtain so lofty a position in the musical world, and did not so thoroughly awaken the passions of her auditors, from the very antagonism of her style and method she excited a greater *furor*. Never, while her reign endured, was witnessed more enthusiasm within the walls of any theatre. The rage for Jenny Lind, at its greatest height, was comparatively trivial to that enkindled for Sontag. Not only was every place in the theatre let for exorbitant prices every night, but seats on the stage were hired out at a premium; and at every performance the stage was literally crowded with visitors, standing and seated. This state of enthusiasm lasted for several seasons. Sontag being passionately attached to Mozart's music, the manager of the day determined to produce the *Nozze di Figaro* in a style of fitting completeness. Sontag, with excellent judgment, had

chosen the part of the Countess, as the one best consorting with her style and vocal powers. But, without a first-rate Susanna, the opera could not be brought out with efficiency. Malibran had just then risen into fame. The combination of two such artists, the manager imagined, would redound to the glory of his theatre. But he knew not Malibran's power, or he would not have engaged a sun to extinguish the light of his brilliant star. At rehearsal, Sontag heard Malibran for the first time. Malibran, who felt her superiority, determined that at the performance she would not only surprise her audience, but that she would create astonishment in the minds of all who heard her at rehearsal. In the morning she sang purposely out of tune, to the amazement of the manager, the orchestra, and all the singers. Sontag, after the rehearsal, expressed the utmost surprise at the reputation acquired by one who could not sing a note in tune. At night Malibran, who, as Susanna, appeared in the first scene, obtained but a moderate reception. All eyes and ears were anxiously awaiting the coming of the star of the evening. The first notes of Malibran created an extraordinary sensation; and in her first solo in the duet, "Cinque, dieci," she elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause from all parts of the house. As the opera proceeded, the magnificent quality and volume of her voice told with powerful effect, while her exquisite acting realized a comic picture never before witnessed at the King's Theatre. Sontag, who was standing behind the scenes, was breathless with astonishment, and could not suppress the most extravagant terms of admiration. When Sontag appeared she was received with tremendous cheers, but her singing obtained but cold and feeble acclamations. The purity and beauty of her voice could not fail to elicit applause, but her reign as the "queen of song" was over for ever. In the duet, "Sull' aria," Malibran's voice completely extinguished Sontag's, and at the end of the opera her supremacy was acknowledged. In one night Malibran snuffed out a light that had burned so long with astonishing brilliancy and splendour. This was the grand triumph of genius over art—of mind over matter.

We trust this digression is not out of place, as it tends to establish a position we have laid down above, that an inferior artist may reign transcendent in the public mind until brought into juxtaposition with real greatness, and that it does not require the highest order of intellect to become the gaze and wonder of the day. It must be borne in mind, that no antagonistic principles were at work on this occasion, that no favoritism was unduly manifested, and that no prejudice was exercised to the detriment of the fallen artist. Never was superiority of talent more fairly acknowledged, nor power more truly tested. Had Malibran belonged to a rival establishment, there is little doubt but that Sontag would have still remained superior in the minds of her adorers, through the influence of hireling opposition, prejudice, and claqueurism. What was the result of this contest? and what has it proved to this day? Malibran has bequeathed an immortal name to posterity—Sontag is forgotten, or remembered without an emotion.

We must now return to the examination of the claims of Jenny Lind to be considered the greatest lyric artist of the age; and trust we will do so without exhibiting the slightest spleen or disfavor towards one who has won so much credit and renown.

Jenny Lind has no pretensions to be ranked among the greatest lyric artists. The parts in which she shines belong not to those which demand passion and power for their development. Her *Norma*, the only attempt she has made in tragedy, was an acknowledged failure, and was most wisely

eschewed by herself. On this point there can be no dispute: had her success been commensurate with her reputation she would not have given up one of the most splendid parts in the lyric drama. Neither has the celebrated artist achieved a triumph in classic music. Her Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, the only one of Mozart's operas in which she has appeared in London, did not elevate her in public estimation. As far, therefore, as the grand lyric drama and the classic drama are concerned, Jenny Lind is entitled to little consideration. We must, then, seek elsewhere for those astonishing effects she produces over the minds of her audience, and endeavor to investigate the causes—whether the effects she produces are legitimate, and by what means such effects are produced.

And first, let us speak as to her vocal powers, upon which certainly all her acquired celebrity depends.

Jenny Lind's voice is a high soprano of singular brilliancy, clear and silvery in the upper register, but somewhat throaty in the middle. In its quality it is wanting in that roundness and mellowness which belongs to organs of the South. When forced it has by no means an agreeable sound, and falls hard and grating on the ear. It is evidently a voice, in the greater part of its range, acquired by much perseverance and study. Nature has not been bountiful to the Swedish Nightingale in an extraordinary degree. But art and energy have supplied the defects of Nature. Perhaps no artist, if we except Pasta, ever deserved more praise than Jenny Lind for what she has worked out of bad materials. From an organ, neither naturally sweet nor powerful, she has elaborated a voice capable of producing the most vivid sensations. In her *mezzo voce* singing scarcely any vocalist we ever heard can be compared to her. The most delicate notes, given with the most perfect intonation, captivate the hearers and throw them into ecstasies of delight. This is undoubtedly the great charm of Jenny Lind's singing, and in this respect we subscribe ourselves among her most enthusiastic admirers. In the last scene of the *Sonnambula*, though we confess her singing in the other portions of the opera falls far short of perfection, her voice, softened almost to a sigh, is quite delightful, and must move the most apathetic listener. If we were to name what we considered Jenny Lind's *chef-d'œuvre*, we should have no hesitation in pointing out this scene of the *Sonnambula*. Here the best portions of her voice are called into play, and her vocal performance, so far, may be pronounced perfect. The manner in which she reaches the high notes exhibits great art. She sustains a C or D in alt with unerring intonation and surprising power. These are attained without apparent effort, and constitute another charm of the Nightingale's singing. In pathetic music Jenny Lind's voice is heard to much advantage. Indeed her vocal powers seem best adapted to demonstrating the more gentle and touching emotions, and were she to confine herself to such she could not fail to delight. For this reason her solo singing is almost that alone in which she makes any extraordinary impression. In *ensemble* singing, excepting in the *piano*, her voice, being forced beyond its natural powers, loses all its beauty and peculiar charm, and becomes nothing short of disagreeable. This forcing of the voice to the detriment of its quality is the reason why the Norma of Jenny Lind, vocally considered, was a failure, and why her Susanna was not so successful as her Lucia, Maria, or Amina. That her piano singing occasionally, both in Norma and Susanna, produced a great sensation must be allowed; but they are exceptions to the rule. Mozart's music is evidently not suited to a voice like that of the Swedish Nightingale. It requires a fuller body of tone and more volume of voice to sing through his instrumentation than Jenny Lind

possesses. Neither do we think she would prove effective in Rossini's music—and so she herself appears to feel, as she has never performed in one of his operas in her two seasons in London. Jenny Lind's voice, therefore, with all its charms, is of a special quality, and in its best essays is restricted to a particular class of lyric composition.

We must now examine the school of composition, and the kind of operas in which Jenny Lind produces her most powerful effects. Among the composers, Mozart and Rossini must be set aside for the reasons above stated. It is a matter of no small astonishment to many of the Nightingale's admirers, that she should have disdained to sing the strains of the Swan of Pesaro, and have selected instead the comparatively trivial music of Bellini, Donizetti, and Meyerbeer. They remembered how all the great singers within the last thirty years had exhibited their grandest efforts in Rossini's operas. They could not forget that among Pasta's *chefs-d'œuvre* were reckoned Otello, Semiramide, and Tancredi; that Sontag, who may be called a countrywoman of Jenny Lind's, selected for her début Rosina, in the *Barbiere*; that Camporese, Colbrun, Ronzi de Begnis, all made their first appearances and had their favourite parts in Rossini's operas; that Malibran, like Sontag, débuted in Rosina, and ranked among her most splendid creations the Desdemona (*Otello*), Ninetta (*Gazza Ladra*), Cenerentola, Semiramide, Arsace, and others; that Grisi made her first appearance in the *Gazza Ladra*, an amade and confirmed her reputation in the same composer's operas; that Pauline Garcia selected Cenerentola as her initiatory essay on the stage; that some of Persiani's most wonderful efforts were produced in the *Barbiere*, *Tancredi*, &c.; and, more lately, that Alboni made her début in Arsace, and won all her fame in Rossini's music. But the admirers of Jenny Lind did not investigate the motives that led their idol to reject Rossini. They did not consider whether Jenny Lind did or did not possess the power and qualifications to create a great effect in his operas. They did not examine the difference between his vocal scores and those of the more modern Italians, and consequently they set down the refusal of Jenny Lind to appear in Rossini's operas to any cause but the real cause. True, Jenny Lind was announced to perform in *La Gazza Ladra*, but the opera was withdrawn, and we think judiciously, as we feel satisfied Ninetta is a character beyond the calibre of the Swedish Nightingale.

It is, therefore, in Donizetti's and Bellini's works we must look for parts and music which consort best with the powers and style of Jenny Lind. Neither must we expect to discover her best efforts in the highest composition of these masters. We have shown that the artist failed in *Norma*, Bellini's greatest work, and as she has not appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Anna Bolena*, *Maria di Rolan*, or the *Favorita* of Donizetti, which comprise his grandest lyric productions, we must naturally infer that she was unequal to the attempt. We shall by this means arrive at a logical conclusion that Jenny Lind is incapable of sustaining characters in the highest range of the lyric drama. How then can she be proclaimed a great artist, much less the GREATEST? To be great on the stage one must personify some great character: this Jenny Lind has only attempted once, and failed signally in that one attempt. The term "great," therefore, cannot with propriety be applied to Jenny Lind.

The parts in which Jenny Lind has obtained the largest amount of applause from the public, and those in which even her opponents allow her to be entitled to considerable merit, are Amina in *Sonnambula*, Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Adina in *Elisir d'Amore*.

None of these operas belong to the first rank of lyric compositions, nor does the principal character of any one require the highest abilities to render it effective. The parts just named, with the exception of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, had, for years previous to the coming of Jenny Lind, been assigned to Persiani, who, however transcendent she may be as a vocalist, cannot be called a great dramatic artist. Castellan also has performed in these characters with much effect, and no one will call Castellan a great artist. With respect to the heroine of the *Figlia del Reggimento*, the performance lies within very moderate capacities, and we find not only Madame Anna Thillon, whose capacities are far beyond the moderate, performing Maria at the Princess's, but also Miss Poole sustaining the part at the Surrey, as well as Miss Rainforth at Sadler's Wells, with much effect. It is not to be wondered at then that Jenny Lind, with her brilliant and delightful voice, with her novel and energetic style, and her peculiar art, should obtain immense praise in parts which had gained for Persiani and Castellan the admiration of the public, as well as in that one which had been performed by Miss Poole and Miss Rainforth with excellent effect. We cannot for a moment fancy great artists like Catalani, Pasta, Schroeder-Devrient, Stoltz, Malibran, Grisi, or Pauline Garcia, condescending to appear in such *petite* operas as the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, and deriving their highest reputations from thence. We have dwelt upon this point at some length and with some emphasis, because we are aware that, in consequence of the outrageous puff-system pursued by sundry of the English journals, the unthinking public are led to consider Jenny Lind "a greater singer than Malibran and a greater actress than Rachel"!!!! We ask for nothing more than a moment's attention to the facts we have laid down, and if we have failed to set the reader right as to Jenny Lind's true position in the musical world, then indeed must our words be weak and our brain erratic.

We would not stint Jenny Lind one iota of all the merit to which she is entitled. We acknowledge that she is a great singer, that she has a most delightful and surprising voice, and that some of her vocal efforts have not been surpassed by any singer; but we would fain arrive at the truth by showing that all these excellences are not sufficient to constitute the great dramatic artist, that other excellences are demanded for that result, and that Jenny Lind is devoid of those particular excellences.

As a vocalizer Jenny Lind is entitled to very high, if not the highest commendation. Her perseverance and indomitable energy, joined to her musical ability, have tended to render her voice as capable and flexible as a violin. Although she never indulges in the dazzling flights of fancy of Persiani, nor soars into the loftiest regions of *fioriture* with that most wonderful of all singers, her powers of execution are very great, and the delicacy with which the most florid passages are given, the perfect intonation of the voice, and its general charm, have always produced a more decided impression on the public mind. To the musician Persiani will be always more acceptable, but Jenny Lind will strike the general hearer most.

As an actress we are more diffident of recording our opinions of Jenny Lind, not because we feel no confidence in our estimate of her merits on this head, but because we differ more widely from all her admirers about her histrionic than we do about her lyric qualifications.

The energy betokened in Jenny Lind's vocal efforts is carried into her acting, but, with this difference, that it is not under the control of so much good judgment. She appears to consider it necessary that, to produce any great effect, a point

should be made at every phrase, or every bar. Never did artist attempt so much in so short a space. She illustrates almost every word by some corresponding gesture or look. She cannot rest one instant. Repose in acting is a sealed book to Jenny Lind. Her attitudes, often striking and natural, are not always graceful. In quiescent moments, or when she should be quiescent, she seems nervous and fidgetty, and never appears abstracted and absorbed until passion assumes its sway over her. Her energy then gives a life-like reality to her acting, especially if the passion to be represented does not rise beyond the pathetic or the lachrymose. Even then her tears do not, like Malibran's, to make use of a simile applied by Augustus Schlegel to Calderon's serious poetry, "like dew in the morning beam, reflect the image of heaven." Certainly the Swedish Nightingale is the most thoroughly conscientious of all artists. Her courage and determination are indomitable. On every occasion she exerts herself to the best of her power and abilities to please her auditors and her spectators. Her efforts are unsparing and untiring. No one can say that Jenny Lind shirks her duties. If she does not captivate at all times all people, it is not her fault—she does not fail through want of exertion or determination. But a superabundance of exertion must necessarily degenerate into rant, and we therefore find Jenny Lind, with all her art and experience, merging at times into the extravagant and hyperbolic. As instances of this we may adduce the signing of the contract in the *Lucia*, than which no acting could well be more exaggerated, and the first scene of Elvira with Giorgio in the *Puritani*, equally exceptionable.

Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's conception of character exhibits neither profound judgment nor the most admirable taste on all occasions. In her interpretations of Norma and Lucia—to be original, we presume, for we can divine no other meaning—she transferred the fire of the raging Druidess to the poor "Bride," who was all feminine softness, according to Sir Walter Scott. In reality, had Jenny Lind exhibited the same amount of energy in her Norma as she did in her Lucia, it could not have failed. It was on this account, no doubt, that her admirers and the friendly journalists gravely commended her for the originality of her conceptions. We believe in our hearts that Jenny Lind has plenty of talent to constitute her a good actress, if she would only exercise a little judgment, and not allow her capabilities to run to seed for the want of pruning and a little quiet training. We feel convinced that in the end, unless she take advice of her real friends, she will become the victim of those astute critics who feed her fat with superlatives and sugared phrases, which they expend on her, of course, from the most disinterested motives. Let us warn her betimes of certain modern Aristarchs, who, we know, are not sincere in their lavish and absurd eulogies; let us pray her not to consider herself as yet a great actress; and that, not being as yet a great actress, she cannot rank with the greatest dramatic artists. Let us intreat of her in future to depart a little from the originality of her conceptions, and adhere more to the intentions of her author, and the reasonings of common sense. Let her, in brief, believe us sincere in what we have adduced and averred respecting her; and taking from us the golden advice we have proffered her, let her use her great talents in the way we have pointed out, if she would in reality become an artist of the first degree. At this moment, despite of puff, prejudice, and oppugnaney, Jenny Lind must rest contented with the position awarded to Sontag by Pasta. "She is the first of her class—but her class is NOT THE FIRST!"

DESMOND RYAN.

SONNET.

NO. XCIX.

INDIAN PANTHEON, IX.

THE INFANT KRISHNA.*

ON softest couch thy limbs securely lie,
 While thou art rev'ling in the glad pretence—
 All-seeing one!—of childlike innocence,
 Forgetful of thine origin most high.
 Yet sometimes comes a lustre from thine eye
 Which tells us of a region far from hence;
 And many look upon thee, wond'ring whence
 Thou com'st: they feel some magic presence nigh.
 Rejoice, blest infant, in thy careless game
 Of life—all human ills are sport to thee,
 And thou may'st know the luxury of pain;
 When foes approach, arise a sudden flame,
 Consum'd by thy fierce anger let them be:
 Then rest thee, as a smiling babe, again.

N. D.

* Krishna, in the condition of infancy, is a favorite subject of Indian art. In his cradle, he exhibited all the previous strength of an Infant Hercules, and annihilated many foes. In our last we erroneously called him the seventh incarnation of Vishnu. He is the eighth.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the Hamburgische Dramaturgie.

Ἔστιν οὖν τραγῳδία μίμησις πᾶσις σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος χρόνου, ἡδυσμένη λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἑκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς ὁμοῖοις, δρώτων καὶ ὃν δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινόνσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθήματων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 550)

Do I mean to say then, that no Frenchman is capable of writing a tragic work, that shall be really touching?—that the volatile spirit of the nation is unequal to such a work? I should be ashamed to entertain such a thought. Germany has not, as yet, made itself ridiculous by 'a Bonhours; and I, for my part, have the least possible disposition to become one: for I am convinced that no people in the world has any mental gift pre-eminently above other people. People say, it is true, the profound Englishman, the witty Frenchman. But who made this division? Certainly not Nature, who distributes all her gifts alike. There are just as many witty Englishmen as witty Frenchmen, and just as many profound Frenchmen as profound Englishmen; the dregs of the people are neither the one nor the other.

Well, then, what do I mean? I merely mean to say, that the French have not now got that which they doubtless might have, viz., real tragedy. And why not? M. de Voltaire should have known himself better if he meant to hit on the solution to this question.

The same thing happens to nations as to individuals. Gottsched (it will be easily understood why I select him) passed for a poet in his youth, because at that time people had not learned to distinguish the verse-maker from the poet. By degrees philosophy put the distinction in a clear light; and if Gottsched had only progressed with his century—if his views and his taste had only become enlarged and purified with the views and taste of his time, he might certainly have risen from the mere verse-maker to the poet. But since he had so often heard himself called "the great poet," since his vanity persuaded him that he was one, he remained in his original state. It was impossible for him to attain that which he thought he possessed already; and the older he became,

the more obstinate and shameless did he also become in holding this dreamy possession.

Precisely the same thing, in my opinion, has happened to the French. Scarcely had Corneille rescued their theatre a little from barbarism, when they fancied they were quite near perfection. Racine seemed, in their eyes, to have given the finishing touch, and now the question was no longer (or rather never had been) whether the tragic poet could not be still more pathetic and moving than Corneille and Racine, but this was assumed impossible, and all the emulation of succeeding poets was limited to becoming as similar as possible to one or the other. For a hundred years they have deceived themselves, and, in some degree, their neighbours also: now let some one come and tell them this, and hear what they will answer.

Of the two, however, it is Corneille who has done the most mischief, and has had the most pernicious influence on their tragic poets. For Racine had only misled by his examples; but Corneille both by his examples and his doctrines.

These doctrines especially, accepted as oracular by the whole nation (except one or two pedants, such as a Hedelin or a Dacier, who often did not know what they wanted themselves), and followed by all succeeding poets, have, as I could prove, piece by piece, necessarily produced nothing but the baldest, most watery, and most untragic stuff.

The rules of Aristotle are all directed to the production of the greatest effects of tragedy. Now what does Corneille do with them? He cites them incorrectly and perversely enough, and because he still finds them much too rigid, he seeks for every one of them, one after another, *quelque moderation, quelque favorable interpretation*: emasculates and cripples them, explains them away, and nullifies them,—and why does he do all this? *Pour n'être pas obligé de condamner beaucoup de poemes que nous vu réussir sur nos théâtres*—"not to be obliged to condemn many poems that have succeeded on our stage." A fine cause, truly.

I will just touch on the chief points. Some I have touched on already, but I must include these, for the sake of connection.

1. Aristotle says, "Tragedy ought to excite pity and fear." Corneille says, "Oh, yes! but in a certain sense;—pity and fear are not necessary both at once, but we are quite satisfied with one, sometimes with pity without fear; another time with fear without pity. For otherwise what would become of me—the great Corneille with my *Rodrigue* and my *Chimene*? these good young folks excite pity, a great deal of pity; but they scarcely excite fear. And again, where should I be with my *Cleopatra*, my *Prusias*, and my *Phocas*? Who can feel pity for such worthless creatures as these? But fear they excite at any rate." So thought Corneille, and so the French think after him.

2. Aristotle says, "Tragedy ought to excite pity and fear; that is to say both, by one and the same person." Corneille says, "If so it happens, well and good. But this is not absolutely necessary; and one may make use of different persons to produce these two feelings, just as I have done in my *Rodogune*." This Corneille did, and this the French have done after him.

3. Aristotle says, "By the pity and the fear which tragedy excites, our pity and our fear, and what is connected with them, should be purified." Corneille knows nothing of this, and fancies Aristotle meant, that tragedy excites our pity to excite our fear, that by this fear those passions may be purified by which the object of pity has incurred his misfortune. I

will not speak of the value of this purpose; it is enough for me that it is not Aristotle's purpose, and that, as Corneille wrote his tragedies with quite another purpose, his works must necessarily be quite different from those from which Aristotle deduced his idea of a purpose; they must be tragedies which are not real tragedies after all. And this applies not only to his, but to all the French tragedies, because their authors had before them not the purpose of Aristotle, but the purpose of Corneille. I have already said that Dacier wished to combine both purposes, but by this very combination the first is weakened, and tragedy falls short of its strongest effect. Moreover, Dacier, as I have shown, had a very imperfect conception of the first (Aristotle's purpose), and it was no wonder if he fancied that the French tragedies of his time obtained this first purpose rather than the second. "Our tragedy," says he, "is tolerably felicitous in exciting and purifying pity and fear, but it seldom succeeds in the other point, which is perhaps more important, and purifies the other passions but little. Indeed, as it ordinarily contains nothing but love-affairs, if it purified any passion at all, it would only be the passion of love, from which it is evident that its use is very small." The very reverse of this is the truth. It is easier to find French tragedies which answer the first, than any which answer the second purpose. I know several French pieces which exhibit clearly enough the unhappy consequences of any passion you please, and from which good lessons, with respect to this passion, may be drawn. But I do not know one which excites my fear to the degree to which tragedy ought to excite it, and to which, as I know from sundry Greek and English pieces, it *can* excite it. Several French tragedies are very refined, very instructive works, which I consider highly commendable in their way, with the reservation, that they are no tragedies. The authors of them could not be otherwise than very clever fellows, and some of them deserve no mean rank among the poets. I only say, that they are no tragic poets; I only say that their Corneille and Racine, their Crebillon and Voltaire, have little or nothing of that which makes Sophocles Sophocles, Euripides Euripides, and Shakspeare Shakspeare. These last are seldom in contradiction with the requisitions of Aristotle, but the former are so all the oftener.

(To be continued.)

MONS. JULLIEN'S BANKRUPTCY.

MR. COMMISSIONER FANE granted MONS. JULLIEN his certificate this morning (August 19) unconditionally, highly complimenting him for his honest and straightforward conduct throughout his difficulties. Considering the endeavors the bankrupt had made to act fairly by his creditors, he (Mr. Commissioner Fane) would not attempt to impose terms upon him for liquidating his debts from future professional earnings, leaving him to act in that matter as his own disposition might lead him.—*Times*.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. BUNN is exerting himself strenuously to procure a complete and efficient company for Covent Garden. Reeves and Whitworth are engaged. Mademoiselle Nissen is talked of as one of the *prime donne*. Miss Hayes is also rumored as likely to join the corps. Of Miss Birch, Miss Wallace, or Miss Miran, we cannot state anything definite. The theatre, we are informed, will open on the first of October with a translation of Auber's *Haydee*. This will be followed by an Opera of Wallace's, and one of Balfe's. Many novelties are spoken of, of which we will give due notice. There is some hope of Pischek.

JENNY LIND AND THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WORCESTER. *Saturday*.—The announcement that Madlle. Jenny Lind had accepted engagements to sing at Birmingham and Cheltenham (both close to Worcester) during the Festival week, has given rise to a great deal of discussion, not only among the committee of the festival, but also among the general public of the dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester.

In December last, when the preliminary arrangements were being made for the festival, the Bishop of Worcester addressed a letter to Madlle. Jenny Lind, intimating the desire of the committee to secure her services for the festival. To this she replied, that she should have great pleasure in being able to aid so excellent a charity; and stating that the only condition she would then name was, that a sufficient interval should be allowed to elapse between the termination of the London opera season and festival, so as to be able to recover from the fatigue of her opera engagement, but that this could be arranged on her arrival in London, (she being then at Stockholm).

Madlle. Lind having arrived in London, Mr. Done, the conductor of the Worcester Festival, was despatched to London, to make arrangements with her, and had an interview with her, when she referred him to Mr. Lumley, for the purpose of ascertaining when the opera season would close. The result was not satisfactory, and Mr. Done returned to Worcester. Thereupon the Rev. Robert Sargeant, hon. secretary to the festival, wrote to Madlle. Lind, reminding her of her letter to the Bishop of Worcester, and informing her the period for holding the festival had been deferred to the 5th September, for her convenience. To this the Rev. gentleman received no reply from Madlle. Lind herself; but a letter from Mr. Lumley, expressing his and Madlle. Lind's regret that her previous engagements would not permit her appearance at the festival. Subsequently, another letter was written by the Rev. R. Sargeant, and an interview was had with Mr. Lumley on the subject; but the result was the same. Afterwards a letter was received by Mr. Sargeant from Mr. Lumley, enclosing a check for £50 from Madlle. Lind, as a donation from her in aid of the funds of the Clergymen's Widows and Orphan Charity. This was handed over to the Rev. treasurer of the charity.

This was the position of the parties, when an announcement appeared in the local papers, that Madlle. Lind would sing at a concert in Birmingham, and upon this the following letter was addressed to her by the Rev. R. Sargeant, the hon. sec. to the festival committee:—

Red Hill, Worcester, August 18, 1848.

"MADMOISELLE.—After our correspondence and negotiation with reference to the Worcester Musical Festival, the announcement in the Birmingham newspapers of your intention to give a concert in that town on the first day of the festival, has been received by the committee and the residents of this neighbourhood with most painful feelings of surprise.

"I have been requested to address you on the subject, in the hope that you will not still permit so great an injury to be inflicted on the charity as the fulfilment of that announcement must inevitably occasion.

"Allow me to recall to you, that in reply to the Bishop of Worcester's letter to you, you were so obliging as to say that it would give you pleasure to accept an engagement at the Worcester Festival, and that his lordship would find you quite ready to offer your services for such an end, namely, in support of a charity for the widows and orphans of poor clergymen. When Mr. Done, the conductor, had an interview with you at Brompton, your kind intention was then repeated, and having made the very reasonable and only condition for an interval of rest after the

close of the labours of the Opera, you referred him to Mr. Lumley on this point.

"On its having been ascertained from him that there was some uncertainty whether the time we had originally fixed, the 22nd of August, would give this necessary interval, on the 23rd of May, I had the honor of addressing a letter to you, to inform you that, with the view of meeting this possible contingency, the committee had deferred the festival to the 5th of September. I had not the honor of receiving a reply from yourself, but, to our inexpressible mortification and disappointment, a communication was made by Mr. Lumley, to the effect that your engagement to us would not be fulfilled—that he had made other arrangements on your behalf, and that the expectations you held out could not be realized. Further endeavours were made to secure your assistance, but they proved fruitless, and the negotiation closed with your sending through Mr. Lumley a check for £50, 'as a very slight expression of the sincere interest you felt in the object of the festival.' In my acknowledgment of this donation I expressed the great disappointment which the committee felt at the result of the negotiation, and their fear of the injury that would probably be sustained by the loss of your services, but that they would still entertain the hope that you would not allow the interests of the festival to be further affected by any engagements in this locality about the time of the festival.

"After this short allusion to these negotiations, I will ask you yourself to judge of the feelings which must be created by an announcement of your proposed appearance in Birmingham (a town within almost an hour's journey from Worcester—the largest town, too, in the very diocese on behalf of whose poor clergy the festival will be holden, and from which we look for considerable support), on the very day on which I had communicated to you the commencement of our festival.

"I need hardly state to you that either at that place or at Cheltenham, your appearance must inevitably be productive of the most serious injury that the festival can sustain; and believing, from the sincere interest you have expressed in the object of the charity, that this aspect of the case cannot have occurred to you, I have been requested earnestly, to entreat that even yet you will further arrange the time of your appearance in this locality, so that it may not inflict this injury on the charity, or interfere with what I cannot but think you will consider as the paramount claims of a great national festival.

"I have, &c., Mademoiselle, your faithful servant,
"ROBERT SARGEANT."

No reply has yet been received to this letter, nor is any reply at all probable.

BARNETT versus FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Faithful to my promise, I present your readers with another *extract* from my *memorandums* of the VOGLER THEORY. I make no apology for doing so, but rely upon the probability of its interesting those who are unacquainted with the system of the *Abbé*, the ingenuity of which claims from every enterprising musician an inquiry into its use and merits.

I wish it to be understood that the examples you kindly published in No. 33 of your journal, were merely *detached extracts*, *SELECTED from parts of my work, widely apart from each other*, and that the one at page 521 is purposely given with the imperfections which arise out of the sequence itself, *expressly to show the students those points, in all such progressions, which should be avoided, for which purpose I furnished three or four marginal notes pointing a few of them out.*

I must also refer your readers to a *note* at the bottom of page 520, in which the term *link* is expressly stated to mean a *single chord*. Called by VOGLER *glied*, or *einglied* when used in sequence. Beyond this partial explanation I shall refrain until next week, from defending my unpretending paper against the acumination of so formidable a person as the one who places himself in juxtaposition with the illustrious HERSCHEL, and the glorious inventor of steam locomotives; who boasts of inventing what Vogler and Schnyder never dreamt of; who locates the name of *Dean Swift* in [the same doggerel

with his own, and who *elegantly*, though alarmingly, talks of "*licking everybody*" who disputes his opinion.

It will require till the following week to muster up sufficient courage to defend myself against such a literary and musical ALLIGATOR, but having once screwed my courage up to the sticking place, I shall endeavour to show that his reasoning is as shallow as his conceit and presumption are great. Since Mr. Flowers accuses me of seeking to rob him of his merit, I hasten (before preparing my defence) to exhort him to quiet himself on that head; all the merit he possesses he is right welcome to as far as I am concerned, and to shew that I am not envious of him, I even wish, for his own sake, poor man! that he possessed a *considerably greater share*, because the economy required in making the most of his present limited stock must be a source of great perplexity to him.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,
JOHN BARNETT.

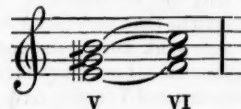
Cheltenham, August 27th, 1848.

SEQUENCES OF MODULATION.

Sequences of a very simple and effective kind are produced by the chords V and VI in the *minor scale*. By means of these consecutive chords, harmonies are produced which seem quite remote from each other, and the composer finds a great auxiliary in their use.

Their treatment is as follows:—

When two *perfect triads* (in the minor scale) follow each other, and the *Hauptone** rises only a semitone, we have then a progression which produces modulation, and may be used in sequence or otherwise. Example: Let A minor be the key, the V and VI would be as follows:—



E being the Hauptone.

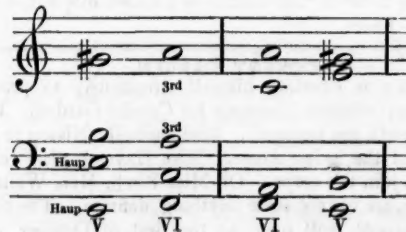
This progression of two perfect triads following each other, and the *Hauptone* of each being only a semitone apart, can, from this peculiarity, only be found in the minor scale, and thus we can at once produce a sequence of modulation. The reversing of the chords thus, VI V, will not destroy their unity.

Some rules are necessary to be applied to the treatment of these chords, in order to avoid bad progressions.

1st. In the V the Hauptone is doubled.

2nd. In the VI the third is doubled.

3rd. When VI comes before V the third is doubled in the VI and the Hauptone in V.



These chords can be taken in six different ways, each of which will be found in the following sequence.

* Called by English theorists "*the Prime*."

A SEQUENCE UPON V VI IN THE ONLY SIX WAYS IN WHICH THESE TRIADS CAN BE TAKEN.

The image displays six musical staves, numbered 1 through 6, each containing a sequence of triads. The staves are arranged in two columns of three. Each staff consists of a treble clef and a bass clef. The triads are written as chords, with some notes marked with an 'x' to indicate specific voicings or fingerings. The sequence of triads across the six staves represents the six possible ways to take the triads V and VI in G major and G minor. The staves are numbered 1 through 6 on the left side.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From the Norfolk News, August 26, 1848.)

THE scheme, which was published a few days since, has elicited approbation from all quarters. The production of some new sacred compositions however having been a marked feature of the Norwich Triennial Festival, the breach of a custom so laudable, naturally excites the inquiry of the musical amateur. To this so satisfactory a reply can be given, that the candid critic will readily admit the force of the apology offered for the present omission. The Committee, more than two years back, were in correspondence with Mendelssohn for the production of a new Oratorio, or sacred Cantata, in which considerable progress had been made, when it was interrupted by the lamented death of this excellent man and great composer, in the October of last year. We published at the time a letter upon the subject, addressed to the Rev. R. F. Elwin, dated the 2nd of October, only two days previous to the attack which terminated his mortal career. There was but one other sacred writer to whom the Festival Committee could apply, the veteran Spohr, and he, it appeared, had not composed an Oratorio since the production of *The Fall of Babylon*. Norwich may nevertheless look back with justifiable pride to the energy which made known to an English audience Spohr's *Last Judgment*, *The Christian's Prayer*, *Calvary*, and *The Fall of Babylon*, Bishop's *Seventh Day*, and Weber's Hymn, *O Praise the Lord of Boundless Might*. The merit of having introduced these compositions belongs to Professor Taylor. Mozart's *Davidde Penitente* is not very generally known in this country. The history of this composition is curious, and interesting to the musical amateur. Mozart was married to Constance Weber, in 1782, and in the following year, upon the birth of his first child, he composed a Mass for the chapel of a convent in Bavaria, where his wife received the rites of the church upon her recovery. The score was given as a votive offering to the library of the convent. In 1785 the composer was suddenly called upon by the Society for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of Musicians, to write an Oratorio for the celebration of their annual festival. The remainder of the narrative may be given in the words of Mr. Holmes, the author of *The Life of Mozart*.

"The time being short, he took the 'Kyrie and Gloria,' of his votive Mass in C minor, and employed himself in placing Italian text under the music. The new pieces which he wrote, were an aria for the principal tenore, *A te fra tanti affanni*, a bravura with introduction in C minor for the first soprano, *Tra l'oscura ombra funeste*, and a trio for two sopranos and tenore, in E minor, *Tutte le mie rampolli*, a composition of the most beautiful and original kind. The entire work, with these additions, consists of ten movements; and, singular as it may appear, the oratorio, which, originating in this way, might be expected to exhibit a patched and unequal appearance, is considered by the best judges the purest examples of Mozart's ecclesiastical style. In originality and elevation, in the various treatment of the subjects, and, above all, in keeping, *Davidde Penitente* ranks amongst the greatest productions of modern times. This work, hitherto only partially known in England, will, it is to be hoped, be shortly introduced to the same general notice at our festivals, as it received in Germany. It is interesting to contrast its style and form with those of the earlier masses, and even with the 'Requiem.' The final chorus is esteemed by continental critics as the 'queen of vocal fugues.' The English version used on the present occasion has been made by Mr. R. Andrews, of Manchester.

VIEUXTEMPS.

THIS celebrated violinist has been making a glorious tour in the East since he left this country. At Constantinople he became the wonder of the day, was fêted by the Sultan himself, and numbered among his many admirers pachas with different tails, Turkish dignitaries, Transylvanian militants, with Russian, Prussian, and other ambassadors. The public concerts Vieuxtemps gave at Constantinople were crowded with the rank and fashion of the city of mosques and minarets. Before his Sublime Highness the Sultan of all the Turkeys, he played a *March Militaire*, which he had composed in honor of his coming to Constantinople. The Sultan was in raptures with the *Marche Militaire* of Mons. Vieuxtemps, but was still more entranced by the performance of Mons. Vieuxtemps, which certainly must have opened his orient eyes and ears with wonder and amaze. The *Marche Militaire* has become the musical popularity of Constantinople. The Byzantine youth sing it in the streets, and the very shores of the Bosphorus are made vocal with its echoes. The Turks aver that the great violinist has infused the very soul and essence of the national melody into his *Marche Militaire*. The Sultan has presented Mons. Vieuxtemps with sterling tokens of his favor, and has honored him with the decoration of Nichan, the *insignia* of which is a collar of brilliants worn round the neck. Mons. Vieuxtemps has left Constantinople and will reach St. Petersburg by the beginning of September, having to attend the Imperial concerts in his office of first violinist to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our Correspondent.)

Birmingham, August 26.

DEAR EDITOR,—During my short sojourn here I "assisted" at the concert of Mr. W. H. Clarke, of Wolverhampton, which came off last evening at the Theatre Royal. I am happy to say the house was completely filled. As regards the programme, it contained excellent matter, though it would have fatigued a metropolitan mixed audience; yet here it seemed otherwise, for almost every piece was encored. Mr. Clarke's violin solo (the famous *Carnaval of Venice*, by Ernst) met with a rapturous *da capo*. This young violinist (who, by the bye, bears in his appearance and style of bowing something of the Paganini,) I have no doubt, will ultimately become one of the leading performers in this country; his intonation is pure, and his tone peculiarly mellow. Great credit is due to Mr. Clarke's master, Mr. Hayward, of Wolverhampton, in bringing before the public a pupil of so much talent. Mr. Hayward himself performed a violin solo, of his own composition, in the bold and energetic style for which he has acquired so high a reputation. It was immensely effective and met with an encore. To the delight of the "Brummagem," Mr. Hayward introduced the popular air of "Jeannette and Jeannot," in his fantasia. A portion of Beethoven's quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, was executed by Mr. Clarke, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Griffiths, and Master Clarke, and listened to with great attention. Mr. Clarke again played in a duet, for violin and piano, by De Beriot and J. Benedict, on airs from the *Son-nambula*; the piano part was played by M. Duchemier, of the *Conservatoire* of Brussels. This gentleman possesses a clear execution and an agreeable touch; his performance of the variations called forth great applause from the audience. I did not stop to hear his performance of one of Schulhoff's popular pieces, but I heard it praised in all quarters. Having said thus much of the instrumental portion, it behoves me to

speak of the vocal department, which was supported by the Misses Pyne, Miss Marie Stewart, and Mr. Braham. The former gave several duets and solos with their accustomed cleverness, one or two being encored. Miss Stewart is known only to the Birmingham public, with whom she is a great favorite. Our veteran friend had no less than six songs allotted to him, each of which he was called upon to repeat! I thought the good people never would be satisfied: poor Braham must have been dreadfully fatigued, although to judge from the spirit which animated his delivery, he seemed highly gratified by these marks of public favour; at every time of appearance and exit he was received with the most rapturous applause.

Jenny Lind's concert is announced at the Music Hall for the 6th of September; prices, £1 ls., 10s. 6d., and 5s. I shall not be here then, but hope to be more fortunate at some other town on my tour.

Wolverhampton, Aug. 29th, 1848.

I have still a few words to communicate from Birmingham, having been present at one of the regular Monday evening concerts, at the Town Hall. On this occasion I was much pleased by the performances on the grand organ of Mr. Stimpson, who is acknowledged to be an excellent player on that noble instrument. In a fugue by Sebastian Bach, and in a hymn by Mendelssohn, "O great is the depth," he showed his powers with striking effect on the organ. In a set of variations, by Beethoven, Mr. Stimpson displayed its softer tones to advantage.

A duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and a double Chorus, by Webbe, were very well rendered by the amateurs who belong to this society. Curschman's trio, "Ti prego," was also nicely sung. I was surprised at the low rates of admission, being, for the gallery, 6d., and for the floor, only 3d. The vast building was completely filled. Should the *entrepreneur* with Jenny succeed in attracting as many people, he will have every reason to be satisfied.

A. Z.

MUSIC IN BATH.

(Extract from a Letter.)

..... AND believe me that you have the thanks of (I may safely say) all the inhabitants of Bath, for the sympathy you evinced on the lamentable event of poor Field's death. The impartiality and justice you render on all occasions to native worth has gained for your journal in the provinces a repute of the highest order, and one of which every Englishman is proud, viz., "fair play!"

It was not without apprehension that we looked forward: "Who is to fill the vacancy?" However, right glad are we to say, the choice is one that will satisfy the most exacting.

The heads of the chief ladies' establishments here had joined and formed a kind of select committee, to choose a first-rate musician, and a man in every respect worthy of the confidence his situation as a teacher requires; as we already stated, their choice could not have been bestowed more worthily.

Mr. Edward Roeckel held, both as a "*pianiste de premiere force*," and composer, a distinguished rank in the London musical circles, and enjoyed the highest esteem as an accomplished gentleman in the fullest sense of the term.

At a *soirée* and a *matinée*, given in honor of his "*entrée*" in Bath, where all the "*beau monde*" was present, he gained complete success by his pianoforte playing (which unites all the modern difficulties of execution to the expression of the classical school), no less than by his agreeable address, the facility with

which he speaks several languages, and his unassuming manners.

His young wife being a Countess of Merzsejewska, gives M. Roeckel an advantage in society here, as you know we "*Bathenians*" are aristocratic, and plead guilty to the large development of the organ of "veneration." Excuse the length of my epistle, in consideration of the importance of the subject in our musical circles; and believe me, &c., &c., X.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE KEANS took their benefit, at the Theatre Royal, on Friday, when the theatre was crammed in every part; the orchestra was converted into stalls, and many were permitted to stand at the wings to see these talented artistes. The pieces selected for the occasion were *Money*, and the *Wonder*. Charles Kean and his wife playing Evelyn and Clara Douglas, in the first, and Don Felix and Violante in the second. They were admirably supported by Messrs. Newcombe, Ray, Emery, Davis, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Philips, and Miss Aldridge. From the number of persons who were unable to obtain admission, Mr. Newcombe prevailed on Charles Kean and his wife to play on Saturday—generally a non-play night in the country—but notwithstanding which, the house was excellent. On Monday, Rosati, with Mdles. Jullien and Lamoureux, and Mons. Martin made their first appearances. The performances were under the patronage of the Western Yacht Club, and the house was, in consequence, very fully and fashionably attended; but I fear the spirited manager will not gain much by his engagement with these artistes, for the houses since Monday have not been as full as his spirited exertions deserve. A report got wind that Carlotta Grisi was engaged, and I fear the disappointment felt by many parties at Mr. Newcombe's having failed in his attempts to obtain the services of this gifted and popular *danseuse* will injure, to a certain extent, his engagement with Rosati, whose name, in spite of her great talent, is as yet almost unknown in the provinces; besides, the coming of Alboni is the all-engrossing theme of conversation, and every one seems in a state of feverish excitement as the date of her arrival draws nigh. On Tuesday, I was sauntering about, looking at the Regatta from the Hoe; at every turn I heard the name of the incomparable cantatrice, either as the subject of inquiry or of information. Those who had not heard her were to be seen listening with deep attention to the enthusiastic descriptions of those who had, and never have I heard an artiste's name coupled with such eulogistic epithets.

T. E. B.

August 31.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

BRIGHTON is quite alive with theatrical and musical doings, which the influx of fashionables has set a-foot. Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews have been starring it during the week at the theatre, and have appeared in some of their most popular pieces. Mr. Fischer and Mr. Granby, from the Princess's, have joined the company. Mr. Phelps appeared, on Friday, in *Richelieu*; but, although his performance was highly meritorious, he made little impression in one of Macready's most vivid creations. Miss Helen Fancit, Mr. W. Farren, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, are engaged, and will appear in rotation.

Herr Kuhe's concert took place on Friday morning, at the

Town Hall. We never saw rooms more crowded. Many of the company, not being able to obtain places in the Hall, were accommodated with seats on the platform, while every inch of standing room was occupied.

Alboni, no doubt, was the great star of attraction, although the addition to the engagement of the renowned and glorious contralto of such striking members of the Royal Italian Opera as Signor Salvi and Madlle. Corbari added no little to the *eclat* of Herr Kuhe's programme.

To the readers of the *Musical World* it is unnecessary for me to speak of Alboni's exquisite voice, or her enchanting singing—singing and voice which the dullest ear must appreciate, and which defies description. I may, however, quote, for the benefit of your readers, the words of the *Brighton Herald*, who, although he speaks somewhat curiously of the contralto and *soprano* voice of Alboni, nevertheless writes with an attempt at the truth:—

"Madlle. Alboni fully maintained her well-earned reputation, and was universally encored in "Non piu mesta" (*Cenerentola*) and "Il segreto" (*Lucrezia*), in which she had an opportunity of displaying some of the charms of—in some respects, at least—her matchless voice. We hardly know which most to admire, the rich, full volume of her contralto, or the sweetness and high polish of her soprano; but of her shake we have no hesitation in stating that it is one of the best—the longest sustained and most finished—we have ever heard."

I can assure you, the sensation Alboni created was altogether unprecedented; and although, in consequence of the audience being composed of more than two-thirds of ladies, and these belonging mostly to the highest circles of fashion, there was no violent outbreak of applause nor theatric demonstration, I never witnessed hearers more moved, nor knew encores more genuine and universal. Alboni was in delightful voice, and gave the final rondo from the *Cenerentola*, and the famous "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with all that wonderful exuberance of execution, and mellowness of tone, that has made her name great amongst the greatest.

Corbari was much liked. She has a charming *mezzo-soprano* voice, and is an excellent artist. She was twice encored.

Salvi produced a great impression. He has a splendid tenor voice, of the Rubini school, but does not manage it with too much delicacy. His piano-singing is quite delicious. He obtained an encore in the popular quartet, "A te o cara," from *Puritani*. He sang a romanza from Verdi's *Oberto* with infinite expression and grace. This romanza, by the way, is nothing more than a theft from the tenor cavatina, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," from the *Sonnambula*—a most fragrant pilfer. Signor Salvi also gave the beautiful aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, with great effect. The remainder of the concert needs no particular record. Herr Kuhe performed compositions of Thalberg and Schulhoff. Herr Goldberg assisted satisfactorily, and Signor Ciabatta most efficiently, in the vocal department; and the concert concluded with the prayer from the *Mose in Egitto*.

I have just heard that Jullien, with a chosen band, will shortly visit Brighton.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From our Correspondent.)

I wish I could give you a more cheering account in answer to your inquiries regarding the state of music in this place, than that contained in the following lines: but what is going on here in the musical province would not justify the most enthusiastic Bristolian to represent it as flourishing, or even only as satisfactory. In private families, it is true,

music enjoys as great a patronage as ever: polkas, and quadrilles continue to be in great demand, and pianofortetuners have plenty to do; but, saying this, I have said all. Real classical music is to be met with in a few houses only, and such things as standing quartet societies are almost unknown, although some of our crack amateurs occasionally meet together. In public music scarcely anything is stirring. A fortnight ago we had the Distin family here, whose concerts were tolerably well attended, although it did not escape general notice how much their performances suffered through the death of one of the brothers. Since then Mr. Cooper has given a concert in the Victoria Rooms, which I was prevented from attending, but which, from what I have heard, neither attracted a large audience, nor gave general satisfaction, although Mr. Cooper introduced one of his favorite solos on the fourth string, and Mr. Jacques assisted at a semi-grand piano (a grand one not being procurable in this neighbourhood, as was stated!). All musical parties are looking anxiously for the time when your London stars shall be disengaged, and enabled to throw a few cheering rays of light upon our gloomy provincial life. Visits from Grisi, Alboni, Jenny Lind, and others, are talked of, but nothing certain is known, even in the best informed musical circles.

A glance at our musical societies will complete the picture. The following societies are known to the public: "The Bristol Classical Harmonists' Society;" "The Madrigal Society;" "Gentlemen Amateur Glee Club," and an "Amateur Brass Band Society;" of these the last two are too insignificant to attract general notice, or to have any decided influence upon the state of our music. Of the two former, the Madrigal Society is, strictly speaking, a private one, although it counts the greatest number of members, and once or twice a year affords a certain class of the public an opportunity to evince its aristocratic taste by paying dear for listening to the quaint old ditties called madrigals, and drinking a cup of tea. The musical part of this society is ably managed by one of our best conductors, Mr. Corfe.

The "Bristol Classical Harmonists' Society" claims, as its title indicates, the first rank; its avowed object being to bring before the public such classical compositions as require for their interpretation a large orchestral and vocal force. For some years this society has conferred much benefit upon the lovers and students of music, by the performance of the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *St. Paul*, *Fall of Babylon*, and other oratorios of the great German masters; but there is much reason to fear that it will not much longer be able to carry out such grand undertakings. In fact, the society is in such a precarious state, that its entire dissolution cannot be far off; and even if it should continue, its existence can be of no great use to the musical world. Having incurred great expenses by the performances of the said oratorios, without meeting with adequate support, heavy debts lie oppressively upon its shoulders, and although our little Amateur Glee Club relieved it considerably of its burthen by a successful concert in aid of the Harmonists' fund, yet its pecuniary matters are still in a state of distress. Partly on account of this hopeless condition, and partly through internal discord, the number of its members has fallen off amazingly, and dwindled down to insignificance. Of this I had full proof on the last "Opera Night Rehearsal" (as they call it) of the society. From the programme, which I enclose, you will see how far the pieces performed were of a character to justify the pretensions of the society for the continuation of the name it bears. A chorus of about two dozen of singers, and a most incomplete and incompetent orchestra, was the whole executant force for Haydn's chorusses, so often per-

formed that every member knows them by heart. Two nameless overtures of no musical value whatever, and badly played; miserable solos for the flute and violoncello, accompanied on a piano of no sound; three very fine glees badly sung, and a miserere by Pergolesi, formed the rest of this classic performance.

This is the state of our music!—Yours, &c.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Thursday, the 24th of August, the Messrs. Brough, authors of the new *burlesque*, which is enjoying a successful "run" at the Amphitheatre, took their benefit at that establishment. The performances were—*Twelfth Night*, performed by a body of gentlemen amateurs; *Box and Cox*, the characters in which were personated by the brothers, Brough; and the sixteenth performance of the *burlesque*. The house was crowded by the *élite* of Liverpool playgoers, who, to judge from their applause, were delighted with all they heard and saw.

Mr. B. R. Isaacs, one of our cleverest resident pianoforte players, gave a concert at our Theatre Royal last Tuesday, the profits of which, with a praiseworthy liberality, he devoted to the relief of the sufferers by the destruction of the "Ocean Monarch," with which awful calamity all your readers are well acquainted. The artists engaged by Mr. Isaac were Alboni, Corbari, Salvi, Paltoni, and M. Osborne. The house was well attended by a most fashionable audience, though not so numerous as it ought to have been considering the cause and the attractions. The concert commenced with the overture to *Zauberflöte*, played by the band with delicacy and finish; this was followed by the quartet "Cielo il mio labbro" from *La Donna del Lago*, which was coldly received. Alboni and Corbari were both dressed in black, and appeared fatigued, in fact neither of them seemed at all in spirits during the first half hour. Of course Alboni was the star of the evening, and before it closed she astonished our usually phlegmatic Liverpoolians beyond measure. Her first great "hit" was the "Non piu mesta," which she gave with that wonderful neatness and ease for which she is celebrated; at its conclusion the audience were in raptures: it is needless to say that it was loudly encored, and given if possible with increased effect. But if Alboni astonished them before, she absolutely electrified them by her delivery of the "In questo semplice" from Donizetti's *Betty*, never was there heard anything like it in Liverpool, such power, such execution, and such sweetness, added to which, she gave it with a comic expression which is beyond the power of expression. I have seen and heard many singers rouse an audience, but never before did I see a Liverpool audience stirred to such a frenzy of delight; cheer followed cheer, and as if to "make them mad indeed," Alboni trolled out, if I may use the term, the bewitching soul-inspiring "Il segreto" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with a gusto and a style that seemed to make her hearers scarcely credit their senses. Nothing but gallantry hindered them from insisting upon another encore. Alboni afterwards joined in several duets, &c., with the other singers, but little seemed to be cared for after Alboni's wondrous displays. Corbari gained her share of applause, more particularly in Rossini's cavatina, "La Pastorella," which she gave very gracefully and effectively, and was warmly encored. Salvi's pure and classic style was very much liked; he sang "Una furtiva lagrima," and "A te O cara," with great taste and pathos, was applauded

in both, and encored in the first. I must not forget to mention Paltoni, who was of very great use in the concerted music, and was deservedly praised for his delivery of "Largo al factotum." The worthy *beneficiaire*, Mr. Isaacs, played Mendelssohn's serenade and allegro gioioso, with artistic feeling and great taste and neatness. He executes well, and possesses a nice crisp touch: his phrasing is bold, his articulation distinct, and he observes the "light and shade" most carefully. Mr. Isaacs also performed in a duet with the accomplished pianist and composer, Mr. Osborne, and a fantasia upon Italian themes, by Rosellen, in both of which he displayed ability, although the last is but sorry music, and quite beneath the attention of a pianist, who, like Mr. Isaacs, is bold enough to essay Mendelssohn's classical, elaborate, and beautiful compositions.

Though Mr. Isaac will not reap pecuniary benefit from this concert, he has done himself as much good in another way, he has shown himself not only to be a clever *artist*, but a man of spirit and feeling, which we hope his townsmen will not forget on the first opportunity that they have for marking their approval of his conduct.

On Thursday next, August 29, a performance takes place at our Theatre Royal, in aid of the sufferers by the loss and destruction of the "Ocean Monarch," the entertainments of which are very attractive, and are under the patronage of the officers of the 46th Regiment, at present stationed here. I will send you a report of the performances next week. I think the Opera speculation will take well; an immense number of places are already engaged, and from the talent and zeal of Mr. H. F. Aldridge, the musical director, I feel certain that we shall have at our Theatre Royal a treat of a high character.

Macready plays here for *positively* the last time on the 7th of September, the night of Jenny Lind's concert. He sails for America on the ninth. J. H. N.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THREE extra nights were given, one on Saturday sennight, one on Tuesday week, and one on Thursday week.

On the Saturday the *Puritani* was performed: on the Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*: and on Thursday, the *Sonnambula*, with, on each night, selections from *Ondine* and *Alma*, for the ballet performances.

On each night Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded to suffocation; and on each night the visitors of Her Majesty's Theatre were thrown into a state of excitement by the singing of the "Swedish Nightingale," who threw double, treble, and quadruple force into her farewell vocal and histrionic efforts to leave a deeper impression on her hearers and spectators.

On the last night, urged, we suppose, by the plaudits, and tempted by the occasion, Mdlle. Jenny Lind condescended to sing one verse of "God save the Queen," it being her first essay in that new part, and acquitted herself so well in the performance that she was encored tumultuously and enthusiastically, and repeated the stanza amid such a tornado of cheers, clappings, and encomiastic bravos, that not one word of the encore was heard.

The scene was very exciting, and moved even our apathetic selves with certain emotions.

The charming Nightingale was recalled so many times that we commenced counting the numbers on our fingers, and having arrived at our left-hand thumb, and not having arrived at the grand total, we quitted the theatre in despair.

Jenny Lind has left London, and her provincial doings will be interesting for some time to come, to our readers.

FLOWERS versus ASPULL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Let's tell the world we've heard of his inventions,
And that he's foul—unfair in his intentions;
Then we shall look more sapient than he,
And place him quite in the minority—
No one will find us out, I ween;
So let us glory in our spleen!

Sir,—I had intended answering your innocent correspondent "Teufonius," and making a few remarks on the case of Mr. George Linley, whom I consider to be somewhat harshly dealt with—but more of this anon. These subjects I will reserve for another letter, and reply to Mr. William Aspull's strictures on me, that I read with considerable surprise in your last number. It is well for Mr. Aspull that he acknowledges his "forte" of expressing himself in ambiguous language, (rather a dangerous qualification for a teacher of harmony); but nevertheless my unambiguous blows will teach this gentleman prudence; for when he was writing falsehood for the distinct purpose of injuring me, he could not well maintain that he was simply following up his "forte";—to carry out the intended pun, allow me to inform Mr. Aspull that it would have been wiser to have played a little more "piano;" but as we are playing a duet together, I must thump a little harder to be heard! I mean to comment on passages played by my brother professor, and I think some of them will be found to go out of time and tune!

"The theory of progressive cadences," observes Mr. Aspull, "so ably written upon and illustrated by John Barnett," [when and where?] is one perfectly known to the German student, [there is nothing like making a round assertion!] more particularly in the neighbourhood of Darmstadt, where the Abbe Vogler resided." I will give both Mr. Aspull and Mr. Barnett £20 if they can prove that Vogler employed subtraction and addition to the progressive cadences.

Now, Mr. Editor, what is Mr. Aspull's word worth after this? My deeply lamented friend and master, Dr. Kinch, had pursued the study of this [how deeply the Doctor must have studied!] and other algebraical calculations of the Abbe, with a closeness, &c.—his remarks on their utility were ever most amusing." And so are Mr. Aspull's remarks; for what with his forte and his contradictions, he cannot fail to be the "pundit" he once did me the honor to style me. Compare the last quotation with the following: "Had he" [meaning me] "confined himself to that portion of the Abbe Vogler's theory," [remember the £20, Mr. Aspull.] "with an acknowledgement of its author, an important and valuable contribution might have been the result." Is it possible that a man of any tact about him can commit himself so much? but this is Mr. Aspull's forte. Now if Mr. Vogler's method be amusing, [odd word to use when speaking of algebraical calculations,] why should mine be valuable, if it be founded upon the same amusing method? Ah! Mr. Aspull—you have neither supported the fame of your lamented master, Dr. Kinch, nor have you proved yourself a profound reasoner; for you positively do what it was your intention not to do—that is your forte, I suppose!

When Mr. Aspull again takes upon himself to measure my character, let him first weigh his own prudence and ability. To tax me with want of modesty is indecent, when it is founded on misrepresentation. I deny that students in Germany and Dr. Kinch ever spoke to Mr. Aspull on the subject of cadences after the method I have laid down; because it is no part of Abbe Vogler's system. Now, Mr. Editor, either Mr. Aspull or I tell a falsehood, and I will give Mr. Aspull the sum I have before named if he can show me up as a public liar, and will at the same time apologise to him for my base conduct if I have deceived your readers or wronged him. It really is sad to find so much cruelty and unamiability amongst men who consider themselves respectable. Mr. Aspull accuses me of adopting "extraordinary impressions" and "ill-timed assertions." I should be glad to know whether his "forte" lies in being able to prove his assertions! When I accuse I annex the proof,—those who do otherwise cast a sad reflection on themselves, and are wanting in generosity and capability; showing, too, that some mean object lies at the bottom of their accusations. I trust this is not Mr. Aspull's misfortune; and yet he got himself into a scrape respecting modulation in a key, which he was forced to admit; "seems a paradox," and still he endeavours to prove that pro-

gressive harmony is not progressive harmony, but is harmony by modulation, and gives three illustrations of progressive harmony, that prove nothing. What a waste of words, notes, and paper, do men lavish to support their favorite delusions! So deluded is Mr. Aspull, that he positively accuses me of making distinctions without differences; but if the study of harmony by progression be not the same as harmony by modulation, then his accusation falls on his own pate. I appeal to Mr. John Barnett, who will not disagree with me here; and it would have been wiser if Mr. Aspull had waited for my letter of last week, before he sided with Mr. Barnett! But I do not mind—it is all the better for me! Never were two gentlemen caught in a snare so nicely as Mr. John Barnett and Mr. William Aspull,—“So let all my enemies perish,” which is inevitable when men endeavour, by supposed advantages, to underrate and misrepresent the doings and motives of others.

Lastly, allow me to ask the two gentlemen above named, whose method and knowledge informed me that cadences could not be made by subtracting and adding two?—can this be palmed on Abbe Vogler, or X. Schnyder Von Wartensee? No, this I found out myself, and this fact has led me to other points, which I shall one day divulge. Perhaps Mr. Barnett will endeavour to forestall me here; let him try, and if he fail he can again find time to palm my investigations on another, which will in some measure compensate him for his want of invention.

Mr. Editor, the accusations of the two gentlemen are most unjust, for they both know that in my published "Essay on Fugue," I make a virtue of saying that the method I followed was founded on Abbe Vogler's theory, although I introduced novelties that neither Mr. Barnett nor Mr. Aspull would so willingly acknowledge to the world, as conceal from it, yet they are aware that novelties merit their approbation. But as eminent musicians have by no means stinted me of praise, I need not solicit the commendation of those who shamelessly endeavour to give a disagreeable tinge to my character; and I am bound to add that Mr. William Aspull has acted a much meaner part than Mr. Barnett, for he can know nothing of the Vogler system, having been taught to consider it only "amusing" by his master, Dr. Kinch, and consequently the part he has taken against me comes with a bad grace, especially when he asserts that "any diligent and industrious pupil must have by him" what belongs exclusively to a particular system known only to a very few musicians in this country. If the following rhymes echo the sentiments of my assailants, then the cause of angry feeling will be quite removed.

He offers gold in proof of his position;
How to get it! "There's the rub!" I'm on the scent!
Stop!—if we can't—what boots our opposition?
By Jove! I fear our words have been ill spent.

Let us retract, and tell him all we think,
For well we know he doth deserve our praise;
And over it we can no longer wink,
For to a branch of art he did a system raise.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE length to which our article run last week on the review of the season, and the many and multifarious circumstances it involved, have caused us to omit many items and many personages deserving of note and comment. We omitted altogether the last performance on Thursday evening, one of the most brilliant of the season, when the *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, with the favorite scena from *Betty* for Alboni, and the ballet of *Manon l'Escaut*. The opera was received with tumultuous applause, the trio in the second act, for Grisi, Tamburini, and Mario, being encored with enthusiasm, and Alboni being called on to repeat the "Brindisi" three times. The recalls were more frequent than on any former occasion, and at the end, when all the artists were summoned for the last time, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the stage was covered with bouquets, which Tamburini and Mario divided between Grisi and Alboni. In the *Betty* scene Alboni was

again encored, and again received a shower of bouquets. The National Anthem was then given, the solos being assigned to Grisi and Alboni. An enthusiastic call was next made for Mr. Costa, who appeared, and was received with the heartiest cheers from all parts of the house. The theatre was densely crowded, and the greater portion of the audience waited to see the ballet, in which Lucile Grahn won the customary honors.

Talking of the ballet reminds us that we have, in a somewhat unaccountable manner, overlooked the services of two excellent members of that department of the establishment, viz.—Mr. and Miss O'Bryen, who, in their particular lines, have been of no inconsiderable utility. Mr. O'Bryen, as maitre-de-ballet, proved himself a thoroughly experienced and admirable tactician, and was at all times indefatigable in his duties. To this gentleman the ballet owes no small portion of the *eclat* it obtained. Had Mr. O'Bryen a wider and more ambitious arena for the exhibition of his taste and talents, he would have shown himself still further worthy of our high commendation. On the stage Mr. O'Bryen is one of our first performers in ballets of action. Miss O'Bryen is no less an excellent mimist than her brother, and by her graceful and lady-like deportment, tended in no small degree to the completeness of the ensemble of ballets *divertissements* in which action was made the prominent feature.

We have also left out of our list of recordations the name of M. Massol, who, although he appeared only on one occasion at the Royal Italian Opera, his performance on that one occasion was so admirable, and produced so great an effect as to have warranted us in alluding to it in a special manner in our summary. M. Massol made a decided hit in the king in the *Favorita*, and we trust the management has not lost sight of the impression produced on the public mind. The talents of the popular French barytone entitle him to a position in the highest lyric establishment.

M. Casati, the composer of the ballets, also deserves a strong word of praise. He is a pleasing and elegant dancer, and puts ballets on the stage with excellent tact and taste.

We have thus, we trust, made amends for omissions which were quite unintentional.

We may here state, in contradiction to sundry flying rumours, that Mr. Delafield still retains the directorship, and that engagements have been entered into with nearly all the artists of the past season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. H. PHILLIPS and Mr. LAND will give their popular Vocal Entertainment next week, at Southampton, Winchester, Ramsey, Devizes, Cirencester, &c.

MISS CLARA LOVEDAY, the talented pianist, has left London for Cheltenham, to pursue her professional avocations under very distinguished patronage.

THE PRINCESS'S.—This theatre, renovated and newly decorated, will re-open early in October with a most efficient operatic company. Mr. Maddox has now definitively arranged with Mdle. Nau, from the Academy of Paris, and she will appear early in the season in a new opera composed expressly for her. Madame Anna Thillon is also engaged for a period. Miss Poole is likewise added to the soprani, as is also Miss Rafter, of whom report speaks loudly as to appearance and attainments. The male strength of the company will comprise the names of Mr. Allen, Mr. Travers (perhaps), Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Weiss, &c. The chorus, we understand, has been selected from the Royal Italian Opera and her Majesty's Theatre forces, and will be capable and powerful. Mr. Edward Loder will continue to direct all the musical affairs.

Mr. SCHIRRA has been appointed Conductor and Director of the Music at Covent Garden, during the hybernal administration.

Mr. LAND has been engaged by Mr. Bunn, as director of the Choral department at Covent Garden. From the great services rendered by Mr. Land, some years since, in the production of *Acis* and *Galatea*, under Macready's management at Drury Lane, we are justified in pronouncing the appointment judicious.

PLAYS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—Her Majesty continues to manifest a disposition at length to assist in restoring the fallen fortunes of the drama. After Christmas, a series of dramatic performances is, we understand, to be given at Windsor Castle, by her command—under the direction of Mr. C. Kean. The most distinguished talent is to be engaged for the purpose.—*Athenæum*.

OPPOSITION IN ARTISTS.—Jenny Lind appears in Birmingham the first evening of the Festival at Worcester, which is only a short distance removed; and Macready plays in Liverpool, for the last time previous to his going to America, on the 7th of September,—the very night of Jenny Lind's concert. Verily, Art hath become a warfare!

GEORGE MACFARREN, the composer, has just completed a comic opera in America, which he has sent over to England, and which, we learn, will be brought out this season. Those who have heard the music speak of it in very high terms. We trust that an operatic work from the pen of England's greatest musician will not, in this music-loving age, be allowed to rust unused.

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